Given the World

You were my Legs
Diamond
I
your Machine Gun

Kelly, furiously Capone
till you spread

an overcoat to revelations of
musky hams, whop-
ping provolones. Wanted

to scrape that mold in
curls but caught myself
outside the Biograph.

Should've been Bonny and Clyde ripping ass
ends from roadsters
at firehail

packing it in.